1959

WESTWORDS

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121

WESTWORDS

Volume 1 Number 2

April 1959

Published quarterly

by the students of

Mount St. Mary's

College

Los Angeles

California

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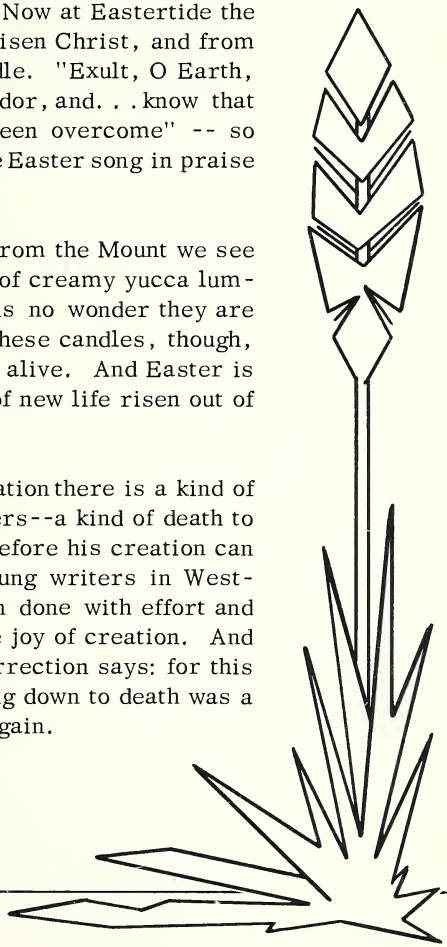
A Word Before

Westwords began with light: the light of Epiphany shining on the wise men. Now at Eastertide the light flames out from the risen Christ, and from his symbol the Paschal candle. "Exult, O Earth, made brilliant by such splendor, and. . . know that darkness has everywhere been overcome" -- so rings out the Exsultet, the Easter song in praise of the Paschal candle.

And then, looking out from the Mount we see other candles: slim columns of creamy yucca luminous against the hills. It is no wonder they are called candles of the Lord. These candles, though, are not only alight, they are alive. And Easter is most of all a feast of life--of new life risen out of the dark waters of death.

Now in every act of creation there is a kind of plunge into these dark waters--a kind of death to the writer, to the artist, before his creation can come alive. So with the young writers in Westwords. The work has been done with effort and sacrifice, yet also with the joy of creation. And every new birth, every resurrection says: for this light, for this life, my going down to death was a small price. I would do it again.



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Barbara Sullivan '59

AN EASTER POEM

In his dedication of the poem, "The Wreck of the Deutschland," to five drowned nuns, the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins, speaks of them as "drowned between midnight and morning," that is, between darkness and light. These two symbols the poet then links with his central theme, mastery. In contemplating mastery the poet reveals the paradox of man's free will submitting to the will of God in order to achieve new freedom. For it is only when man thus consents that he comes from darkness into light. So too, the poem is filled with the paradox of the divine love of God for man. Because of His love for us Christ came down to earth, was born Man, and died that man might live.

These events of Christ's life are all included within the poem, "The Wreck of the Deutschland," which narrates the story of a nun, and of a poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins, who as John Pick says, read in the temporal events surrounding them an eternal message from their God. In Part the First, Hopkins describes his own struggle from darkness into light. In Part the Second the nun reaches out from the blackness of the night of shipwreck for the light of eternal life. Hopkins' struggle is a spiritual one, while the nun's is a physical struggle, with spiritual implications. Thus for each the time between midnight and morning is the time of darkness and struggle, a time of death between birth and rebirth.

It is this time between that Hopkins is concerned with in Part the First of the poem. He calls God, "Thou mastering me...Lord of living and dead" (1--all numbers refer to the stanza number). "Dead" here could refer to the physically dead such as the nun was to be, or to those whose souls are dead to the reception of God's

mastery such as Hopkins' must have been. For we perceive that he has been through some sort of mental struggle and has with difficulty finally accepted God's mastery. This struggle then for Hopkins has been the time between midnight and morning.

Thou heardst me truer than tongue confess Thy terror, ...
Thou knowest. . .
The swoon of a heart that the sweep and the hurl of thee trod
Hard down with a horror of heights:
And the midriff astrain with leaning of, laced with fires of stress (2)

We know that his wrestling has taken place at night for Hopkins says, "Thou knowest the walls, altar and hour and night. . ." (2) and "I kiss my hand/ To the stars, lovely-asunder/Starlight, wafting him out of it. . . ." (5). The stars, of course, appear only at night, and yet in the darkness they give light. It is at night then that Hopkins receives the light to understand God's will "wafting him out of (the starlight)."

Before the poet can accept God's mastery, however, "His mystery must be instressed, stressed" (5); that is, made actual in Hopkins. Then the dawn of realization will come and he will, "Greet him the days (he meets) him, and bless when (he understands)" (5). Just as the night precedes the day so Hopkins' spiritual struggle has precipitated the rebirth of his soul. The dawn of his spiritual life has come and in the light of day he can greet his Master.

Hopkins now speaks of His Master's birth which took place at midnight. This was the beginning of Christ's earthly life, His salvation of mankind which was finally achieved by His rebirth from death, His resurrection at dawn.

Warm-laid grave of a womb-life grey;
Manger, maiden's knee;
The dense and the driven Passion, and frightful sweat;
Thence the discharge of it. . . . . (7)
(and at last)
Our passion-plunged giant risen. . . . . (32).

For Christ also submitted His own will to that of His Father and died to rise again that man might live.

Since these events of the Incarnation and Passion, the human heart has awakened to the deeper mystery of suffering and loss--the paradox of God's mercy and mastery. So too Hopkins has realized that Christ's life and grace come to man through His passion and death. This realization is as Hopkins says, "What none would have known of it, only the heart, being hard at bay/is out with it!" (7 and 8).

After this tremendous inward struggle the poet has finally grasped the truth of the mystery of the Incarnation and all that this mystery entails. He has said yes to the will of God, "Oh/We lash with the best or worst/Word last!" Thus"...Hither then, last, or first,/To hero of Calvary,/Christ's feet--/Never ask if meaning it, wanting it, warned of it--men go" (8).

His acceptance is accomplished by a word of consent just as we see later that the nun's acceptance of her physical death is accomplished by a word. In the same way then, both have gone to Christ; the nun "last" through physical death and Hopkins "first" through spiritual rebirth.

Hopkins uses the language of physical suffering to accentuate his own spiritual struggle. He calls on God to "Wring thy rebel.... /Man's malice, with wrecking and storm." He calls God, "Father and fondler of heart thou has wrung;/hast thy dark descending and most art merciful then" (9). When man is struggling, it is as if he were having his heart wrung in some dark descent, and paradoxically it is at this time that God is most merciful "Thou art lightning and love, I found it, a winter and warm" (9).

When man's final rebirth comes it is not "with fire in him," but rather, "as Spring through him, (melted but mastered) still" (10). As spring which is a sign of rebirth blooms with new beauty and new light, so also the soul blooms under acceptance of God's mastery. Hopkins ends Part the First with the new spring in him and prays to God, "Make mercy in all of us, out of us all,/Mastery, but be adored, but be adored, King" (10).

Part the Second begins with death personified.

'Some find me a sword; some,
The flange and the rail; flame,
Fang, or flood' goes Death on drum,
And storms bugle his fame (11).

Death is often thought of as occurring during the night, for day is the time of light, the time of the living. Man knows that the death of the body will come to all. The nun in the poem has evidently already submitted to the will of God so now she is prepared for her physical death.

After the apostrophe to Death the poem moves into the narrative of the sailing of the German ship, the Deutschland, from Bremen. The time is again night. "She (the ship) drove in the dark to leeward..... /night drew her/Dead to the Kentish Knock" (14). But in this dark night of shipwreck and physical struggle there is no hope of rescue. "Hope had grown grey hairs,/Hope had mourning on, ...and frightful a nightfall folded rueful a day" (15).

The physical sufferings of the passengers during this night

parallel Hopkins' spiritual trials in Part the First.

They fought with God's cold--
And they could not and fell to the deck
(Crushed them) or water (and drowned them) or rolled
With the sea-romp over the wreck (17).

We are not introduced to the nun until the nineteenth stanza where we first find her calling Christ, "A master, her master and mine (Hopkins')" (19). This is the same Master Hopkins has already found. But on her part there has been no waiting, no doubting, no spiritual struggle. She immediately calls on her master. She, "That weather sees one thing" (19). To "see" implies to know, to understand. Like Hopkins in Part the First she has greeted God the days she has met Him, and blessed when she understood. Apparently she has already had her spiritual awakening or rebirth. "From life's dawn" she has come to the realization of the mysteries of Christ's mastery.

For the nun also, the night is illuminated much as the stars illuminated the night for Hopkins. The night for her is one with "belled fire and the moth-soft Milky Way" (26). As Hopkins wafted God out of the starlight he now realizes that God also hovers above the nun and he addresses Him as "thou Orion of light" (21).

But unlike Hopkins the night for her holds no fear, no struggle. For her the night was different. "There was a single eye!/Read the unshapeable shock night and knew the who and why" (29). She alone of the souls on the Deutschland realizes the plan of God, she alone trusts in God's mastery. She knows the who (God) and the why (his Divine Will).

Not only is she strong in her own conviction and able to accept God's will with complete faith but she is also strength and consolation to the others. She is "The Simon Peter of a soul!...a blown beacon of light" (29). To many then she becomes an instrument by which they come to the same realization that Hopkins has had earlier. She is a light, a dawn, a resurrection for many.

The poem now moves back to the poet at his home in Wales where he is reflecting on the nun's complete acceptance of Christ's mastery.

Away in the loveable west,
On a pastoral forehead of Wales,
I was under a roof here, I was at rest,
And they the prey of the gales (24).

Suddenly a new realization comes to him and he calls, "Jesu, heart's light,/...What was the feast followed the night/Thou hadst glory of this nun?--" (30). A new light has come to Hopkins and he realizes

that after this particular "midnight to morning" dawned the feast of the Immaculate Conception. This feast implies Mary's acceptance of God's will by her words, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; let it be unto me according to thy word." Hopkins himself in a metaphorical sense has also given birth to Christ; for he has accepted the will of God--"I did say yes" (2). Now in the nun he realizes another conception. By her speaking of the words, "O Christ, Christ, come quickly," she has uttered the one "Word,/...heard and kept thee and uttered thee outright" (30). She has given Christ a new birth through her complete acceptance of the will of God.

Not only for these particular two, but for all mankind is this conception possible. God has love and mercy for all if they will only accept his mastery. "...For the lingerer (the Christ of the Father Compassionate) with a love glides/Lower than death and the dark" (33).

Now that they have both manifested their complete acceptance a new dawn comes for them and the poem moves to the resurrection of Christ.

Our Passion-plunged giant risen.....(33)
Now burn, new born to the world,
Double-natured name.....
Not a dooms-day dazzle in his coming nor dark as he came;
Kind, but royally reclaiming his own" (34).

The Light of the world has come to reclaim His own because they have claimed Him.

Now that the realization is complete and the Mastery of Christ has been accepted the poet turns and literally prays:

Our King back, oh, upon English souls!...
More brightening her, rare-dear Britain, as his reign rolls.
Pride, rose, prince, hero of us, high-priest,
Our hearts' charity's hearth's fire, our thoughts'
chivalry's throng's Lord (35).

He addresses the nun who has gone to the "heaven-haven of the Reward" and begs that Christ may "easter in us, be a dayspring to the dimness of us, be a crimson-cresseted east..."(35).

He prays that the nun may be a "crimson-cresseted east" the source of a new light, the beginning of a new day for man. He hopes that through her Christ may be a "dayspring to the dimness of us." His choice of "dayspring" lies in the rich significance of the two words:--day the time of the living and spring the rebirth of that which has been dormant. When man accepts God's mastery as did the nun and the poet, a new light will shine, a new day will come and he may begin to live again.

Cinquains and Hokkus

In his
Heart is travel;
On his back--a guitar.
His Rosie cries, "I love you. Don't
Go far."

Strange how
Love starves to death
And becomes a shadow;
Or else it dies young and remains
A dream.

Sandman,
With your pack of
Paradise, leave more of
My beautiful dream than two grains
Of sand.

Like a
Bird, your love came
Swooping into my heart--
Then it suddenly took to flight
Again.

by Elsie Szandy '59

The Ocean

Water rushes in--
Covers a sea shell--then leaves
It to dry again.

Summer Heat

Sweltering pine, your
Drowsy needles, even, smell
Resinous and scorched.

Shimmering Waters

The jewel of the
Watchman's lantern touched,--and the
Canal shone amber.

Evening

Wharves welcome sailboats
Home, and the weary sea gull
settles in her nest.

Hokku

Like hump backed camels
Clouds caravan across the
Desert of the sky.

Carlisle Van Horne '61

IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY

It was his first funeral and his first taste of death. He came upon it unaware in the living heat of the noon day. Coming out of the barn, bridling Ginger and mounting bareback with the aid of a fence rail, he didn't know exactly what he'd do that day. Out past the canebrake the fields spread flat to the swamps. The heat lay just above the ground in a shimmering vacuum, awaiting a movement, a gust of hot wind, passing hooves, to set it into an engulfing suffocation. Everything was still. From the big oaks around the peeling pink barn the grey moss hung silent and wispy.

He stood undecided in the middle of the heat and the moist quiet. Ginger flicked an irritated ear at a fly and shifted her weight impatiently. Not a day for a ride, but Sunday afternoon the boy had to get out of the house. It was cool and dry there, but too still with an intensity different from the outdoors where the spaces were open and free in spite of the cloying air.

He would have had to watch his grandmother rocking spasmodically as she napped in the dim, noon light which filtered through the closed shutters. He would have had to listen to the mumbling undertones of his father's voice as he went on about the heat and taxes and how bone-lazy the workers were in the fields, and hear his mother listlessly clearing up the kitchen. He wanted to go and play with the other children down on the bayou near the store, but he wasn't allowed on Sunday. His mother and father weren't Cajuns. They had come out from town years and years ago, but they were New Awlins, not ignorant Bayou folk.

He could ride down by the water anyway. There it would be cooler, even though the bugs were worse, and he wouldn't stop to

talk to the other kids. "I'm better than them, me," he thought, and then caught himself. Talking like the Cajuns again, like the trash, his mother would say.

He rode slowly up the dully gleaming road, hearing the oyster shells crack under Ginger's feet. They broke the oppressive heat with a sharp quick noise, incongruously snapping against the soft continuity of the day. He saw no one as he crossed the tarred road and started down the dirt path to the bayou. Sunday afternoons he always felt the need to do something active after spending the morning in church, dozing under the flow of scripture phrases, and then the silent ritual of the family dinner. In spite of the heat his body longed to run through the sheltering tallness of the cane.

Then he noticed as he rode that a stream of four or five cars was passing behind him on the main road. He turned curiously to see where so many of them had come from in sleepy Lafitte on a Sunday afternoon. He saw that they had their lights on and were travelling slowly, creeping along, following a larger black car covered with flowers. Maman Le Fębre's boy, Claude, who had been killed in the war, had finally arrived, and this must be the funeral procession. As he watched, they curved off down the road, a single train of mournful beetles.

He barely remembered the dead boy, who was older than he, but one summer before he had left for the war, Claude had won the pirogue races on Barataria--a tall, lean fellow, with a pock-marked face and an easy way with the girls. Just Maman Le Febre's boy, but now he was dead and now he was going to be buried.

He felt excitement and a sudden realization that here was something to do on this Sunday afternoon. He and Ginger would go to the funeral and he'd brag about it later, tell the Cajun kids how he'd gone to a church service on his horse. In spite of the sweat soaking Ginger's hide to a dark and splotchy bay, sticking to his jeans, and tickling his own brow, he urged her to a trot down the path to the cemetery which lay on the banks of the bayou. In the shade of a huge live-oak, it was almost eclipsed by the wild shrubs, the creeping undergrowth, the vines which twisted over the stones. It was small, unkempt and crowded. Several of the stones were completely hidden by tall grasses and bushes, and some were only shabby crosses of wood painted white, with withered flowers in tin cans leaning up against them.

When the boy arrived, riding Ginger carefully and quietly until they stood at the very edge of the bayou looking into the clearing, the people had already gathered. They had parked their cars on the main road and had come down the rutted path by foot in a slow wind-

ing procession. They stood in humble groups, dark patches of worn clothing against the darker shadows of the oaks and the underbrush. The women cried softly and the children were hushed. The men bowed their heads and twisted the brims of their hats slowly through damp hands, not knowing exactly what to do in the presence of death. Six soldiers carried the coffin and laid it clumsily in the shallow grave.

He knew that no one had seen him looking on from the fringes of the group, but when the soldiers stepped back and fired, Ginger started violently. The boy curbed her quickly and the mourners turned in surprise at the sound of hooves in the brush behind them. They did not seem angry, but watched him sadly for a moment, then turned their attention back to the casket.

The ceremony went on. The minister prayed in low but carrying tones. There was a hymn and the notes floated through the air in lazy progression. Somehow this was not what he had expected. There were only the sounds of people praying, singing, the rattle of dirt on the plain wooden coffin. The people left slowly, walking carefully as if afraid of awakening more choking heat, leaving only the soldier's mother to be alone at last.

Until then the boy had not been a part of the scene. But now he saw Maman Le Febre fall to her knees before the grave and watched while she wept quietly. Then the boy could see, as he knew she did, Claude, tall, lean, and easy with the girls, winning the pirogue races at Barataria with the colors of the crowd and the spongy blue of the sky and the excited cheering behind him in his triumph. That was Claude there--in that box. Before, it had been only a strange looking container, but now it was Maman Le Febre's boy who would lie there in the wet dirt, over whom the dank grasses would grow when the sweet smelling wreathes had rotted into faded ribbons and empty stalks.

The boy watched. Death, the unknown, was here as he sat on his horse and saw the old woman's shoulders grow calm under the dark shawl which fell protectively about her. Death was an impression --a gently laid hand cold on his shoulder and in his mind. He watched her get up and leave--to go back to her old house by the water, back to her chickens which would never again be fed and watered by Claude, back to the dark little rooms where Claude had grown up. But Claude was dead, and this old woman was alive to return to her empty house; once more to feel the heat smoldering in her dry old body, and Claude, in the earthy dampness, who would have had marriage, sons, a joy in the heat of a summer day, a pride in his racing skill, a Cajun song in the twilight... Claude was dead.

For a long time the boy sat motionless on his restless horse, wondering in the fleeting shadows of the big oak. He dismounted and went to the grave, saw the sickly flowers already wilted, saw the imprints of the praying mother's knees in the soft dirt. Claude, whom he had never known, Claude who had come to his life suddenly and changed him inside--Claude lay there, beneath his feet, with his eyes closed, waiting as the heat of the day lay waiting for the cooler night. He bent to greet the shadow of that stranger, and his fingers dug into the mud. It was cold and moist. Death was here. As a damp realization it penetrated him, though he was only vaguely aware of its presence. He stared at the newly laid dirt while the heat held him. It whirled his thoughts and pressed on the grave of Maman Le Febre's boy, on him who would never again win the pirogue races down on the Bayou Barataria.

Suddenly the boy mounted and rode fast through the heat; it was worse now than before because it was grey and sunless. There was no white light, only sweat coursing down him. He rode urgently toward home, toward his grandmother who sat rocking quietly in the dry, cool room; toward his parents who were New Awlins people, not Cajuns. The moss brushed his face and vines clung to his body as he raced through the curtain of heat. He could feel the briars catch and tear at his bare feet. He was not in a wooden box where the dirt was moist and the sun beat down on the bayou nearby, beat down with all its sultry weight, to the murky depths of the water.

The Second Coming

Carlisle Van Horne '61

Thrust, men, upward--break the sky!
Splinter it with your pale steel spears!
You've waited breathlessly, two thousand years
For Him to come. Perhaps the echoes lie--
Fracture the image; find the reason why
He <u>never</u> comes. (Behind your blinding fears,
A star glows where the listening wise man hears
News of His Coming in each baby's cry. . .)

But thrust, thrust, men, upward. See,
<u>Your</u> heavens cannot break. Above the fires,
Above the screaming, evanescent loves,
That silent, secret rush of winds is He,
Descending in a multitude of doves
To be impaled upon your pointed spires.

Guide

by Joan Chappell '62

Moon, so
brilliant lantern
in the polished blackness
of our night, be to us a night-
time sun.

Ghost Mist

by Roberta Hochman '62

Ghostlings,
a scuttering
scurrying everywhere
banded or alone, causing fog
in air.

A New Day

by Martha Stoering '62

Yawning,
throwing back its
rosy blankets, the sun
stretches its gold-pajama-ed arms.
Rise! Shine!

Ice Cream Cone

by Marie Treacy '62

Ice cream
lazily melts
down the side of the cone
like a snow-starved river in the
summer.

What Are They?

by Marie Treacy '62

Moon beams
Stare at space ships
and ponder:
What are
these things, joined us
from yonder?

Forgetting

by Judy Weber '60

her eyes
search
round the room
Anxious
to
find
Afraid
to
meet
his eyes
Forgotten.

Judy Scherb '60

TIME IN A KATHERINE MANSFIELD STORY

In "The Daughters of the Late Colonel," Katherine Mansfield skillfully manipulates the concept of time. She does this to strengthen her theme of the tragic helplessness of the two spinster sisters whose lives have been stifled by their domineering father. The effect of his death upon them is the immediate theme of the story.

The concept of time in this story is mentioned by Arthur Nelson in an essay on Mansfield published in The Creative Reader. My purpose, however, differs from his generalized remarks, for I should like to point out three specific ways in which Miss Mansfield handles the problem. First, she deals with the most obvious aspect--the mechanical device of time sequence. This is the time of the story as seen through the eyes of the reader. Simultaneously, she pictures time as seen through the troubled eyes of Josephine and Constantia. Finally she considers time as effective change in their lives.

The story is structured in twelve choppy episodes which appear to be random glimpses from the week following the old Colonel's death. The opening sentence leads into this idea: "The week after was one of the busiest weeks of their lives." The sisters have to perform the many extra duties caused by the death. However, the basic time sequence of that week is made difficult to follow because of interruptions in chronology.

In retrospective flashes, the death of their father (at once frightful and faintly comic) takes place again in their minds. The sisters recall his dying and how his eye "glared at them a moment and then . . . went out." A visit of their nephew, Cyril, to tea (one of their rare treats) is inserted into the story with no apparent transition.

It occurs in the middle of their discussion over the disposal of their father's watch--itself a time symbol. The bewildered reader must pause for a moment before he realizes that the visit took place some time before the death. Josephine's mind had flown off on a tangent; the reader's was carried along willy-nilly. So it can be seen that these apparent violations of time sequence actually serve to strengthen the author's main theme of confusion in a new situation.

Miss Mansfield is most successful in conveying the childlike lack of perception concerning the passage of time in the sisters' minds. Through their eyes, past and present are hard to distinguish. The future does not enter so much, since they are unable to come to any decision regarding it. They cannot even decide whether their maid, Kate, should serve them fried or boiled fish, a trifling matter compared to the other decisions which face them.

The sisters cannot grasp the idea of a whole time sequence. This is apparent in their confusion regarding the death and burial of their father. Even at the very lowering of the coffin, they experience terror of his disapproval of the proceeding:

> What would father say when he found out? For he was bound to find out sooner or later. He always did. "Buried. You two girls had me buried!"...Oh, what would they say?

Since Constantia and Josephine cannot comprehend the whole succession of events at once, they lose themselves in petty speculative details. For example, what might they live on if they dismissed Kate? What kind of box might they send the watch in if they mailed it to Benny in Ceylon? These are some of the details which demand their attention and absorb their interest.

In still another respect, time, as such, is meaningless to them. When Cyril mentions his concern over being late for an appointment, Constantia gazes at the clock, unable to comprehend whether it is fast or slow. "It was one or the other she felt almost certain of that. At any rate, it had been." To them, their father's timepiece was only important as a proposed gift to Cyril. In this manner, the childlike women see time as relatively unimportant to them. Here, Miss Mansfield is successful in presenting the problem through the eyes of the troubled and confused sisters.

Lastly, Miss Mansfield considers time as effecting change in their lives. The point here is that it doesn't. In the narrow, stunted existence of the sisters, time brings no change. Not even this upheaval, the death of the one who restricted them for thirty-five years, can alter the daughters. The particular quality of timelessness that results from this inability to change has a frozen, dream-

like quality. This is pointed up by the author's use of coldness as a symbol. When Josephine and Constantia try to go through the personal effects in the Colonel's room, they feel frozen. Constantia timidly puts out her hand, almost expecting a snowflake to fall; Josephine feels a tingling in her nose as if it were freezing.

Once it seems as if this cold changelessness will melt and let the warmth and color of the outside world come into their lives. This occurs in the final sequence of the story when a shaft of sunlight fell on the carpet and "thieved its way" into the parlor. But it settled on a faded photograph of their dead mother, reaffirming their lifeless existence.

They will have no future because they have no meaningful past. Their whole lives had been concerned with "looking after father" and at the same time "keeping out of father's way." They want to anticipate a future. Again and again Constantia says to herself, "But now? But now?" What did their life mean? What did it lead to? "She wanted to say something to Josephine, something frightfully important, about--about the future..." But their growth has been stunted too long. Time will effect no change in their lives; they will continue in their stagnant existence.

In all these ways Katherine Mansfield weaves the concept of time in and out through the fabric of the story. She shows us the mechanical sequence of events as perceived by the reader, the idea of time as grasped by the bewildered daughters, and most important --she pinpoints the theme of her story by demonstrating that time will bring no change in their lives. In following this thread of time and timelessness we come to a deeper appreciation of Miss Mansfield's timeless fiction.

Frustration

by Judy Weber '60

on reading Westwords

I'd love to write
a piece of poetry
But should I make it
rhyme?
I'll never find
the time!
My heart feels
an urge
a surge

The pencil readies,
poises
pauses
My mind hears
Pat Boone
pop tune
Pencil relaxes
Poem collapses.

Error

by Carlisle Van Horne '61

Rippling, trickling, trembling terror
Living, loving--human error.
One life ended
One deed done
You no longer love me,
Tear down the sun.

A Warning to Gardeners

by Patricia Fitzgerald '59

a warning to gardeners
tend and keep (Genesis 2:15)

The fragility
of the inside leaf,
the heart of the rose
petal
is adequate
symbol of the tension
of participation.
- -
The bark and root and stems
those coverings
and hard dark surfaces
these bristled sturdy mud baked
unfulfilled and partial limbs
complete the symbolism of the
petal .
- -
If followed far, the furthest
reach
of flower symbolism
cannot account for the nearly
impossible number of leafy
expectations
known to be missing...

Ann De Vaney '59

OUR JEW

> I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curse thee, and in thee shall all the kindred of the earth be blessed (Genesis 12:3).

God made a covenant with Abram and with his chosen people. They, however, rebelled, and God rebuked this people of his choice:

> And it shall come to pass in that day, that I will make Jerusalem a burdensome stone to all people; all that shall lift it up shall be rent and torn, and all the kingdoms of the earth shall be gathered together against her (Zac. 12:3).

The prophecy of Zacharias became a reality and the reality became a history--the history of a "burdensome stone" shifted from shoulder to shoulder, from country to country. A stone heavy but not immovable. The prophecy unfolded word by word and one could not look at any country in Europe, Asia, Africa, during any century and say, "The Jews have settled here." Rejection, persecution, injury covered the once smooth stone.

A people without a home, but with a haunting prophecy, have adapted themselves to many nations, including America. They were charterers, navigators, pilots and map makers connecting country to country. Their ability in this may have stemmed from the fact that they were always searching for and being pushed into new lands. But what is the status of the Jew in America today? They have adapted, but they have not been assimilated. Americans have been called an adaptable people. It seems logical that two adapt-

able people would move toward something other than adaptability--perhaps acceptance, perhaps assimilation.

The modern American Jew exists, somewhat erroneously, in the minds of Americans, as a slicked business individual a bit too noisy. He exists in the factories, in unions and management, in the schools, in the courts, in the movies, in the candy stores and in every strata of the classless classes. Today's Jew is noisy, or quiet, aggressive or shy, handsome or homely, but he has a heritage abundant, delicate and ageless.

The Jew appears in literature also, most recently and most poignantly in Karl Shapiro's "Poems of a Jew" published in the August 1957 issue of Poetry Magazine. Shapiro gives a sensitive glimpse of someone, perhaps a person in his own situation. His first poem "Teasing the Nuns" is presented humorously, yet we can feel the clash of the once chosen people with the gentiles. We can feel the awkward position of a single Jew in a Christian world.

Teasing the Nuns

Up in the elevator went the nuns
    Wild as a cage of undomesticated ducks.
Turning and twittering their unclipped hats;
    Gay in captivity, a flirtatious flock
Of water fowl tipped with black
    Above the traffic and its searing suns.
Higher and higher in the wall we flew
    Hauled on by rosaries and split strands of hair,
Myself in the center sailing like Sinbad
    Yanked into heaven by a hairy Roc;
Whence we emerged into a towery cell
    Where holy cross was splayed upon the wall
In taxidermy of the eternal. They
    Bedecked in elegant bird-names dropped
Curtsies, I thought and merrily sat,
    And fixed their gaze on mine that floated out
Between them and their poised hawk.
    "Sisters," I said. -- And then I stopped.

Shapiro places his protagonist among religious women. He gives the reader a picture of a Jew in an alien world. In no way is he at home. Uneasily he says: "Myself in the center sailing like Sinbad." Riding in an elevator with sisters might be disconcerting, especially if you were squeezed in a corner. Shapiro, however, surrounds his Sinbad with sisters, and he is not in a corner, but cornered.

How, then, are we to consider Sinbad. Evidently the speaker, by calling himself a Sinbad, considers himself the wild one, cornered in a staid society, in captivity. Sinbad has been sailing on the high seas, but now in the elevator he has been "Yanked into heaven by a hairy Roc."

Heaven immediately associates us with the character of Sinbad, his goodness or badness as it were. Since it was his need to be yanked by a huge bird, we may conclude that his character was not all goodness. Shapiro has now established the feeling of "Sinbadness" within this Jew, and we wish to see his reaction to this.

He flaunts a kind of defiance by saying of the crucifix that:

> . . . holy cross was splayed upon the wall
> In taxidermy of the eternal.

Such a thought expressed differently might have been fatal. Shapiro saves it with his humor.

We are now receiving a Jewish view of the Christian world, but it is not subjective. It is the product of centuries of Christians, of times in which the Jew, in order to be heard, will mock in a small voice, "Taxidermy of the eternal." To him it is a hollow boast. He can hear his voice reecho, empty, and will longingly offer the olive branch: "Sisters, I said.--And then I stopped!" It is an olive branch to soothe awkwardness. And who would not turn, compelled by his sensitivity and say, "Don't stop!"

Shapiro gives another picture of an individual Jew in "The Crucifix in the Filing Cabinet."

> Out of the filing cabinet of true steel
> That saves from fire my rags of letters, bills,
> Manuscripts, contracts, all the trash of praise,
> Which one acquires to prove and prove his days;
>
> Out of the drawer that rolls on hidden wheels
> I drew a crucifix with a beaded chain,
> Still new and frightened looking and absurd.
> I picked it up as one picks up a bird
>
> And placed it on my palm. It formed a pile
> Like a small mound of stones on which there stands
> A tree crazy with age, and on the tree
> Some ancient teacher hanging by his hands.
>
> I found a velvet bag sewn by the Jews
> For holy shawls and frontlets and soft thongs
> That bind the arm at mourning for great wrongs
> Done in a Pharoah's time. The crucifix

I dropped in the darkness of this pouch.
Thought tangled with thought and chain with chain,
Till time untie the dark with greedy look,
Crumble the cross and bleed the leathery vein.

Again we come into contact with the crucifix. This time it appears, not only in a Jewish world, but in a materialistic one. The tone is not humorous, but businesslike. The diction is that of a business office.

. . . .rags of letters, bills,
Manuscripts, contracts, all the trash of praise,
Which one acquires to prove and prove his days.

The papers in the cabinet are needed to prove his success. They are the tangibles which back up the intangible success. They are needed as the steel cabinet is needed for stability.

This is the setting in which the speaker awkwardly "picked it up as one picks up a bird." He is as unaccustomed to a crucifix, as one is to holding a bird. This awkwardness is related to the earlier situation in the elevator--that of a Jew in a Christian world. Here the author works with the symbols of these two worlds rather than the people:

I found a velvet bag sewn by the Jews
For holy shawls, and frontlets and soft thongs. . .

Now the picture is complete with the crucifix of the Christians and the velvet bag of the Jews.

In the last stanza the author attempts what has been tried for centuries, a combination of the two.

. . . . . .the crucifix
I dropped down in the darkness of this pouch.
Thought tangled with thought and chain with chain.

After combining the two, the author does not attempt to solve the historical problem, but leaves the question in the mind of the reader.

Till time untie the dark with greedy look,
Crumble the cross and bleed the leathery vein.

The individual picture is broadened in Shapiro's last and most resourceful poem "Psalm 151." In it he speaks with the religious voice of the modern American Jew:

Are you looking for us? We are here.
Have you been gathering flowers, Elohim?
We are Your flowers, we always have been.

When will You leave us alone?
We are in America.
We have been here three hundred years.
And what new altar will You deck us with?

Whom are you following, Pillar of Fire?
What barn do you seek shelter in?
At whose gate do you whimper
In this great Palestine?
Whose wages do you take in this New World?
But Israel shall take what it shall take,
Making us ready for Your hungry Hand!

Immigrant God, You follow me;
You go with me, You are a distant tree;
You are the beast that lows at my heart's gates;
You are the dog that follows at my heel;
You are the table on which I lean;
You are the plate from which I eat.

Shepherd of the flocks of praise,
Youth of all youth, ancient of days,
Follow us.

The question is an effective dramatic device in poetry and Shapiro employs it well. He not only questions, but answers. The first question sets the tone: "Are you looking for us?" The act of looking suggests something that is hidden or misplaced. We enter the history of these misplaced persons by the simple word "looking." The answer: "We are here." And we are not in history past, but history present. For one decade at least, the Jew can significantly say, "We are in America."

In the midst of their wanderings, there was always God--God rejected or God accepted. Now they turn to Him. Addressing him in Old Testament tongue, "Elohim," one of them asks: "Whom are you following?" But he answers his own question: "You go with me. " He asks, "At whose gate do you whimper?" But then he answers: "You are the beast that lows at my heart's gates."

They know the answers to their own questions, but will keep on questioning. They recognize their God who follows them, but will not stop the chase and submit. Instead they say, "Israel shall take what it shall take/Making us ready for your hungry Hand."

They ask, "When will you leave us alone?" But again it is a hollow question. They realize and answer:

OUR JEW. . . . .continued on page 38.

The Eastern Wind

by Jeannette Binder '62

The wind
Through the heavens
Sprinkles touch-and-go dust
Over twinkling stars that pointed
The Way.

The wind
On the desert
Spreads fresh blankets over
The ancient milestones that pointed
The Way.

Root of Jesse

by Martha McCarthy '62

The seed
The tree--
The bulb
The flower--
The child within me
Hour by hour

The bulb
The flower--
The seed
The tree--
His promises
Fulfilled in me.

Mischievous Water

by Nelle Wormsted '62

Slaps the sand,
Tickles bathers' feet
And slithers home.

Wind's

A searcher,
Shifting the sand,
Lifting rooftops, and
Running away.

by Nelle Wormsted '62

Symphony in S

by Peggy Beauclair '62

The
    strange, silent
    searching
strings

find my
    starved, soundless
    simple
soul

    smiling
I sleep

Travail

Carlisle Van Horne '61

I am sundayed in November,
autumn leafed,
hill bounded,
sky capped and grass grounded,
a waif of finitude
imprisoned in contingencies,
a miniscule universe
in labor with infinity.

Disappointment

by Carlisle Van Horne '61

Disappointment is a ragged, dirty sleeve
Where one expected orderly, clean grace.
It nags at the corners of one's mind,
Embarrassing, annoying, even when
One places the arm carefully, to hide
All of the tattered grime.
Anger shreds and soils the garment.
Disappointment is a ragged, dirty sleeve.

Linda Frye '62

SUN-GOD

New Mexico is hot. The sun beats itself to a bloody pulp against the sandstone in the late day. It runs down the canyons and puddles up. If you are a cactus, you stand. If you are a weed, you squat in the puddles and wish the night would come. But you are the sun...

. . .

Nogo sat cross-legged in front of the store, brown and wrinkled in his heart. Inside he was an old man. Yet he had lived only sixteen years. For each of his sixteen years, he watched the sun on the cactus and he did not understand, only obeyed, wondering. And the sun watched him, burned him, cluttered him with cinders.

Before Nogo lay a blanket of silver trinkets. They said shiny things to tourists. They laughed all day. But Nogo could not hear them. He heard nothing, saw nothing.

Some said Nogo was near death. Strange, a boy so young, so old. But he was more alive than the thriving cactus or the insects feeding on the desert. Each part of him lived, seethed with life. For centuries of days, he had lived with the sun. His ears listened to its dull drone. His skin drank its glory. His eyes, the once-windows of his soul, had watched so long that they were now but broken glass. And the sun had crept inside him, burned him black.

Some days he would think himself upon the sun, walking, sinking in the blazing ooze, sharing in the shouting fury of its light. He could embrace it, hold it, be it. Until now--he was the sun, he had lived as long as any sun. He was above, beyond, brighter than, older than, unrecognizable to human eyes. Untouchable.

Before the blanket stretched highway as far as could be seen.

In the day lizards scurried with black feet. Birds hot-hopped along. And most of all wheels. They rolled and pushed ridges into the melting black, rolled on. But Nogo did not listen.

A young girl stepped out beside the wheels. Her feet danced daintily on the griddle. She sat down again in the car and a moment later stepped out in shoes. Nogo watched her silently as she stood between him and the sun. She warred against his god with her cool hat and shade glasses.

She looked down at Nogo, down at the crossed legs, down at the buckskin pulled taut across his knees, down at the straining muscles which caught the sun best. And down, down. (He heard a sun-trumpet blow the challenge and he gazed at the rays which beamed from behind her head. She was between the two of them and breaking things.)

At last she passed among the silver trinkets with her bare-foot eye, dancing one to the other. Finding one, the young willow-fingers tendered it, letting the sun-glint show in Nogo's face.

"This is very pretty," she said.

. . .

Voices from inside: "But Tom, you been sayin' we need some life around the place. You said so. Think what fun a happy little kid would be."

"No, Pauline."

"Listen, he's got nowhere's else to go, now his Ma's gone. Tom, Bucky's our nephew. Our own flesh and blood."

Tom moved to the window and spit quietly. "What'd we do with a kid out here in this hole? He'd shrivel up and die." He chunked a piece of ice from the new cake in the ice box. He sucked on it slowly, watching the waves of heat cascade across the sand.

"And lookit all the room we got. A kid's gotta have room to run in."

"Pauline, we ain't takin' him. Besides, who would he run with in all this room? We ain't even got a dog. Nobody to talk to but us and that dumb Injun. It's a stinkin' life for a kid. Besides, it's too damn hot."

His wife joined him at the window and they looked at their back yard desert, clothesline sagging with dust-fried laundry, sheets' shadows making it a little cooler for ants and bugs.

"He'd shrivel up and die, just like the rest of it. He'd just shrivel right up and die."

. . .

Now Nogo was watching her face as she watched his. He did not see the round ruddy cheeks, the bright blue of her eyes, the soft folds of yellow hair, young hair. He looked, but what he saw made him want to close his eyes, but of course he could not. She

was yet a baby, with a baby mouth snarling, high mountains in each wide eye. She stood tall and her nostrils moved. (Being of the heavens, he knew a mortal thing. He saw her mind. Rotting.)

With her hat, she fanned away the heat, still playing the silver light on him. It was a little game. There, where the sun had already begun to carve deep valleys in his cheeks. There, where the youth in his mouth had dried. There, where his forehead had died in a placid frown. The eyes hard and small, the thick and ancient eyelids. The sun-burned wrinkled will, defying.

She replaced the sun-hat and pulled its pinkness across her smooth young brow, each move a blasphemy. He was hard and she could not break the crust with a look. She shined the silver light into his eyes and he did not flinch, only looked at her. She was older than he, how could he say... but he had said nothing.

The sun hat did no good. She was sweating, as though she had run a noonday mile. Beads ran down her scalp and into her ears. She rubbed her hand across the back of her neck and still could only look, deeper, deeper. And so she raised the sword:

"This is very pretty.. little boy."

Nogo's jaw muscle moved. The war was done. He dropped his eyes. Her laughter then. The heated, sweating lava laughter broke clear over his body and bent the grayed baby-shoulders. It was only her laughing. She had watched deep and seen the slight move and then she had laughed. And he had heard.

. . .

It was late afternoon again. Pauline stepped out on the porch, her hands lost in an apron.

"'Bout time you got back. I'm glad you figured to stay the night in town."

"Yeah. Had to go clear out to Sanchez' for the eggs." Tom hefted a box from the truck and strolled with his wife past the screen door, into the cool. "Ma Sanchez says she'll stop out next week some time. Wait'll you see that kid of theirs."

Pauline put away the cans. "You seen Nogo since yesterday morning?"

"He been gone that long?" Tom moved to the window to spit.

"Ain't seen him. He's never gone off like that, left his stuff for so long. Wonder where he's got to."

"Crazy Injun. Hell if I know." Tom rested his arm on the sill. "Seen the clouds? Just 'bout blottin out the sun."

Pauline turned to the cereal and frowned. "You don't s'pose it'll rain!"

The young yellow weeds squatted in the cloud-shade, wondering.

Equinox:

September Becomes March

by Claudette Drennan '54

Spring snows! Are these SPRING snows! And I so cold.
On me they settle, fold, though all the world is melting.
So this is me. My life a shrunken grass, old,
A trap for passé flurries; a scrap of boldish pelting;
That I ever loved uncertain. Uncertain! That smelting
Uncertain! Sunburst, lava, river of tears too flame
to fall, and ever, ever, to the very last, no sweet
Silver. This crucible, oh my soul, this came,
And not a rock remains. No sign, no empty street
Of scars beneath a pathless afternoon of sleet,
To mark a single treasure mined, to mark there ever
Was a mine. Frail little snows! Neither storm
Nor stone to say I loved. A fall of feather
At the site of holocaust. But say I never
Loved? Never! I am an ash a breath would warm.

Turn then, my sun, look on me.
I would green at one gold glance from thee.

Awakening

by Anne Louise Dunham '60

Black
fades to grey.
The city stirs, stretches its arms wide,
Brushes the sleep from its eyes, and
Slowly comes to life.

Street lights dim, heralding the dawn.
Paper boys huddle on empty corners.
An occasional honk breaks the stillness.
Milk bottles tinkle on misty doorsteps.
A baby's cry sounds an early alarm.
Shaving cream and coffee aroma mingle with the morning air.
A pin-curled head peeks from kitchen curtains
To hush the neighbor's dog.
Passersby hurry, trying to keep warm.
A chimney spits and coughs up poofs of
White.

Thinning fog gently lifts its shrouding veil.
Suddenly, the sun sprays the scene
Gold.

Jean Robbie '59

PLAIN MARY

Mary could hear her own words ring in her ears as she watched the door ease shut. Suddenly she wanted to rush and slam it, to punctuate the argument. But instead she turned around slowly and sank to her bed. But somehow Julie was still in this room; the smothering effect of her presence was tormenting Mary. Her eyes, searching the walls, rested on a small green beanie pinned to her bulletin board. It's odd that a small thing like that could halt her thoughts. But it was during initiation week that Mary had first met Julie.

While running to her ten o'clock class Mary had been cornered by an authoritative upperclassman. "Hold it, Frosh, you aren't passing a Junior without the traditional greeting, are you?"

"Good morning, Ma'am, this is Freshman Mary Doude reporting; is there anything I may do for you?" she had replied in a dull monotone.

"Here, here, Freshman, where's your enthusiasm? And, above all, your respect. I, a Junior, am speaking to you! Let's hear you recite the preamble to our constitution."

"We, the people of the United States, in order to..."

"Stop, what did you say your name is?"

"Mary Doude, ma'am."

"All right, dowdy Doude, let's not get smart. You know I meant the preamble to the constitution of Westside Women's College, now recite it!"

Before Mary could think of an excuse for not having learned it, another Freshman came up. "Freshman Julianna Whittaker report-

ing, is there anything I may do for you?"

"Because of the generosity of the glorious Junior Class, I'll give you one chance to redeem a fellow Freshman, Whittaker. You recite the preamble."

"We, the students of Westside Women's College, in order to promote..."

"Fine, you're dismissed. You too, dowdy."

"She's not the first one to call me dowdy," Mary grumbled as the two girls walked on.

"Don't let her bother you," replied Julie, "she must be covering up an inferiority complex. Her mother probably neglected her. I'm Julie, what's your name?"

"Mary, and thanks for coming along when you did. Excuse me, but I've got to get to class. I'll see you again, won't I?"

"Sure, Mary, Room 306. Drop in any time."

That was Julie, Mary thought as she ripped the green beanie from the bulletin board and threw it in the waste basket--gracious friendly Julie. Why did she have to ask me to visit her? Still she always did make me feel welcome in her warm room.

Mary walked over to the dressing table, sat down, and looked in the mirror.

. . .

The two girls were sprawled leisurely on the bed in Julie's room. Mary was engrossed in Virgil's Aeneid and Julie was carefully studying their reflections in the mirror when she said, "You'd consider us good friends, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," Mary answered in an uninterested voice.

"Listen to me," Julie demanded. "Put that dull old book down. Virgil can't help you with your social life."

"Who's complaining?"

"You should be."

"Since we're being so friendly and frank, Julie, let me tell you something. I don't expect to be popular like you. I'm not blind; I know my limitations. Please don't think I'm fishing for compliments or sympathy, I'm not. I am merely being honest with myself."

"Don't be ridiculous. There's a lot we can do with you. Now let's see. Come over here to my dresser."

Mary let the book slide as she got up and strolled over. Sitting down with a clump, then looking in the mirror, she saw a plain figure--a perfect example of a member of a crowd. Wandering wisps of hair from her pony tail formed shaggy sideburns which framed her face. There was little contrast between her uneven complexion and her mouth tinted with lipstick applied that morning.

"We'll start with your eyebrows," Julie announced as she

searched through a drawer for a pair of tweezers. "Now which would you prefer, the arched brow for that surprised look, the upturned ends for the temptress, or the natural line for the sweet innocent type?"

"I'll stick with the innocent one if you don't mind."

"Relax, Mary, and don't squint your eyes."

"Ouch! Isn't there a gentler way to do this?"

"Sorry, but all I can do is just yank them out. So sit still."

After the last stray was extracted, Julie leaned back to get a better view. "That's a definite improvement, don't you agree?"

"When does the red go away?" Mary asked in a pained voice.

"Quit playing the martyr role, the worst is over. I'll attack your hair next. By the way, has anyone ever told you that you have big ears?--Now don't be offended, because I've got even bigger ones. You have to know what to do with your hair to overcome, or should I say come over them. A pony tail is certainly no solution."

"Look, Julie, it took me years to get my hair a decent length; you aren't going to ruin it in one minute, are you?"

"Yes."

"At least you gave me an honest answer."

"Mary, I'm doing this for your own good." Julie said as she started cutting, "so be quiet."

"There, you look much better. More human, I might add. Now I'll teach you to use make up and we can finish you up properly."

Finish me up properly--that's what you did, Julie, Mary thought looking at herself now in her own mirror. Since that day I've kept up my appearance just as you told me to do. I liked you, Julie, as much as I could like any friend. I was glad that you helped me. But now I know; I know why.

With a few alterations you made me into a foil for you. I was stupid not to have seen it. While I was marvelling at my luck, you were using me as an accessory. Yes, that's the word, an accessory. Any beautiful thing needs a plain surrounding to set it off. And we were always together. You saw to that.

Oddly enough, you made us look alike. No, let me qualify that --you made me look like you. That was it. My brown hair was cut the same as your blond. You know, brown isn't even a pretty word. We're the same height and the same weight, although you'd never guess that. In fact, you might call me your caricature. Under your attention my wardrobe was selected. I can't say you chose my friends because you're the only one I know.

It's funny how I didn't realize your plans for so long. It took tonight to make me see. It started so innocently. Just another time

you were giving me a little push.

. . .

It was eight-fifteen when Julie had burst into Mary's room. "You aren't ready yet? It starts in fifteen minutes."

"No, Julie, I can't face another stag dance. Besides, haven't we outgrown them? Face it; what kind of boys, or 'men' if you prefer, come to stags. Usually it's the new crop of freshmen all eager for that fantastic college life. The few upperclassmen who do come are looking the girls over out of pure curiosity. And the conversation is so stimulating--instead of stating your name, rank, and serial number, it's your name, class and major."

"Are you through yet?" Julie asked as she walked over to Mary's closet and opened it. "How about wearing your new blue sheath?"

"Why is it you never listen to me when I want you to, Julie?"

"Simply because you're spouting nonsense. Besides, I have a surprise for you. I asked Bill to get a date for you. His name is Dave Hartfield. I've heard he's very good looking."

"You haven't left me much of a choice, have you?"

"I don't want to force you, Mary. I'll get Patsy to go."

"Oh, I'll come. Go on, I'll meet you in the social hall."

While Mary dressed, Julie went downstairs to meet Bill. "Hi, Julie," he said, "Meet Dave Hartfield. Dave, this is Julianna Whittaker."

Dave grasped Julie's hand, clicked his heels, grinned, and said, "Julianna Whittaker. I've always said that names suit their owners, but in this case, I'm afraid that your beauty surpasses your lovely name"

"I'm always glad to meet such an honest, sincere person as you, Dave," Julie laughed.

"Besides beauty you have a keen perception, my dear. Is there no end to your charm?"

"It's ending right here as far as you're concerned. You really should get a new line. Yours has a familiar ring to it."

"Beauty, perception, charm, and wit. Julie, you're wonderful."

"Just a minute, Dave," Bill interrupted. "I brought you here to meet one of Julie's friends, not Julie."

"And let me thank you for that. I'm sure I'll like any friend of this candid lassie. What's my sweet date's name?"

"Mary Doude."

"Mary Doude? Well, you can't win them all. That's not her coming now, is it?"

"Hi, Mary," Julie said. "I'd like you to meet Dave Hartfield."

"Hello, Dave."

"Hi, Mary. It's nice meeting you," Dave said as he slowly shook her hand while studying her face.

The two couples walked in silence to the dance. "Excuse me, boys," Julie said as she pulled on Mary's arm. "We've got to go powder our nose. You can check our coats while you're waiting."

"What's the rush?" Mary asked once they got inside the door. "I just met him."

"I wanted to tell..."

"He really is good looking, Julie." Mary interrupted.

"Listen to me," Julie pleaded.

"Did you see the way he looked at me when we met?"

"Be careful, Mary..."

"Careful of what? He's so nice."

"You don't know what he's like. You've just met him."

"So have you."

"I was talking to him before and he seemed..."

"Don't worry about me, Julie. Now let's get back." Mary ended the conversation abruptly as she turned to leave.

"Welcome back, girls. Good music is going to waste. You don't cha-cha, do you, Mary" Dave asked.

"Not very well, but..."

"Okay then, Julie, you'll have to substitute. And I'll bet you're a pretty good one at that," Dave said as he separated her from Bill and guided her to the dance floor.

"Really, Dave, I don't think we're being fair to either Bill or Mary," Julie said as she glanced back and noticed Mary's questioning expression.

"She'll understand. Besides, Mary's not in my league anyway."

"She really is a nice girl, Dave, wait till you get to know her."

"Just keep talking, honey, I love to hear your voice."

"You're an obnoxious..."

"Don't be too hasty in your judgment, Julie. Let's step outside awhile and you might be able to convince me to be nice to Mary."

Mary watched as the two left the room. Suddenly she turned to Bill and pleaded, "Don't you care about what's going on?"

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you been watching?"

"Watching what?"

"For the last fifteen minutes your girlfriend and Dave have been dancing together, paying no attention to the people they're supposed to be with."

"She's not my girlfriend, Mary, I have no hold on her."

"I really don't care how close you two are, but they're out on

the terrace now together. The next thing they'll probably sneak off."

"Julie wouldn't do a thing like that. They'll be back in a little while. Don't worry."

"I'm not worrying; I'm disgusted. When they get back, you can tell them I've developed a sudden pain in the neck."

With that, Mary rushed out, passed Julie and Dave without another word, and hurried to the dorm.

Julie started after her, and in a few minutes was in Mary's room. "I'm sorry about all this," Julie apologized. "But I tried to warn you."

"Warn me, you did nothing of the kind," Mary turned to the window. "You probably planned the whole thing. I didn't want to go, Julie, but you made me. You knew he wouldn't like me. You weren't satisfied with Bill, were you? No. You had to have Dave too."

"I didn't even know Dave before tonight."

"You expect me to believe that! You asked me to come because you knew that I'm not the type he likes."

"Mary, that's not it at all..." Julie said as she reached out to put her hand on Mary's shoulder.

But Mary turned quickly, avoiding the gesture, looked coldly at Julie and said in precisely timed words, "All I want you to do is get out!"

"I'll talk to you later, when you calm down," Julie whispered as she walked to the door.

"There'll be no talking about it later," Mary screamed, "just get out!"

I'm glad it happened, she thought. Things will be different now. I'll act on my own. No more suggestions from Julie. I'll be free.

Mary got up from her dresser and went back to the window. The campus was deserted for one girl slowly walking toward the light in the social hall. Mary could see her and hear the music, but she was strangely apart from it all.

OUR JEW. . . . . continued from page 24

Shepherd of the flocks of praise,
Youth of all youth, ancient of days,
Follow us.

They wish to be followed. They accept God in their midst.

The poem ends with the words, "Follow us." Following suggests transiency. Where are they going? They said: "We are in America. We have been here three hundred years." Three hundred years--a vague beginning, but one large enough to shoulder the "burdensome stone." Perhaps in future history one will be able to look at our continent and say, "The Jews have settled here," or better still, "the Jews have been assimilated here."

The Name Adam Gave

by Carlisle Van Horne '61

". . . The name Adam gave to each living creature is its name still" (Genesis 2:19)

When Adam was young, God came walking in the afternoon, and He said, "Adam, Adam, you're old enough to name some now."

And Adam said "Yes Lord."

And God called up an elephant. It walked around them, stopped and walked.

And God said "What does that look like to you?"

And Adam said "Well..."

"Look at it closely, Adam. Take your time."

"It's not a whale?" said Adam.

"It's not a whale. We'll get to whales directly," God said. "Look at its tail and ears. Look at its lithe proboscis. Now what does this Pachyderm remind you of?"

"Rhinoceros?" ventured Adam.

"You're getting warm," said God. "What might the Greeks call ivory?"

And all creation watched young Adam anxiously and bit its nails to see what he would say.

"An Elephant," cried Adam as it ran off into Eden.

"Good. That's very good," God said.

So all the afternoon with God's good coaxing Adam named, till finally, proficient when a Rabbit came, "A Rabbit!" Adam cried.

"That's getting pretty good," praised God.

And after animals came birds till Adam named the owl in darkness and God said "That's all today. We'll do the fish tomorrow, and you'll find them twice as hard. You'd better get a good night's rest."

"Yes Lord."

"And Adam..."

"Yes my Lord."

"Next category after fishes will be trees. Oh, Adam," God said, "Adam..."

"Yes, Lord."

"I hope you have no trouble with the trees. Sleep well sweet Adam and sweet dreams."

"Goodnight my Lord, I love you," said Adam as he closed his eyes.

"Likewise," said God, as he gently closed the door.

Sue Donovan '62

(from Dante)
O WEARIED SOUL

Squatty, fat, black, and obnoxious, it sits with its whiny nose silent and its smug face gloating. There it is, the curse of my existence, the lament of my life, Mr. Bell's inhuman monstrosity--the telephone!

I can see it plainly in the kitchen corner by the window. It prances before my eyes though I cower in my bedroom, my French grammar opened on the desk and I collapsed on my bed.

"I really must study my French," I tell myself. "Besides, nobody ever calls on Wednesday night. Why that would be an insult. Yes, really I will study now," I promise as I roll over on my side to study the clock. "Only seven o'clock. Nobody ever calls before seven-thirty."

R-r-r-ring! My muscles tighten, my nerves tense, my nose twitches. I listen. Mother's in the living room. She'll catch it on the next ring. "Hello?" I hold my breath, ready to spring into action, as mother continues. "Oh, hi! How are you?"

Exhausted, spent, emotionally limp, I unlock my joints and groan, "Oh, Aunt Abbie!" Aunt Abbie, my mother's sister, who lives three blocks away, never calls less than twice a day to find out "what's new?"

Once again I determine to get to work. Self-righteously I settle down at my desk, close my French book and open my History of Europe. I glance at the pictures for a few minutes, and then my ears pick up a hostile signal.

Footsteps. Moving from the back bedroom into the kitchen. A chair scrapes, and...yes! Horror of horrors. He couldn't be using the phone now! He couldn't be so cruel. He couldn't..."

Click, click, click goes the heartless little machine. There's no use in his denying it. My brother, that selfish, ego-centric creature, is making a call, just the hour when all my calls come in.

"Hello, Frank. Can I have a ride to school tomorrow?"

It's too much to bear. I groan, I pull my hair. I swallow my gum. For a silly little reason like a ride to school!

Desperately I bury my eyes in the comforting gray pages. Minutes pass, and the house teems with silence. Five minutes...ten minutes...

R-r-r-ring! I dash across the room and glue my ear to the wall.

"Susie's pad," answers my playful father. "Oh, how unsophisticated!" I cringe.

Father calls me to the phone, and I compose myself in front of the mirror before answering. "Father, I wish you would be a little less informal," I sniff. But it doesn't matter. It's only Mary Ann I knew it would be Mary Ann. Or Sharon. Or Joan. I thought maybe, possibly...but I knew it would be Mary Ann. I reassure her that I'll pick her up on time next morning, and return to my lonely room.

Actually it's not a bad room. In fact, sometimes I find it quite comforting. I have my radio to keep me company. And I always have my books to help pass away long evenings. It isn't so bad, being a failure at eighteen. Old maids run in my family. And as long as I have my books...

R-r-r-ring! This time I feel nothing. My pulse slows down slightly, but my nose doesn't even tickle. It knows, too. Calmly I turn my book right side up and continue my reading.

"Quick, Susie, answer the phone! Some jerk bit at the bait!" my bull-voiced brother bellows from the kitchen.

Slowly and deliberately I stand up, smooth my hair, and swallow. With admirable self control I walk to the kitchen, and, after allowing a respectable amount of time to pass, pick up the receiver.

"Hello?" I say with a trace of boredom. "Oh, hello, John..."

Fire

by Pat Crampton '62

Sadist
strokes writhing life
with twisted, flaming claws
of jaundiced white that scar and gouge
on touch.

Pan

by Carlisle Van Horne '61

Golden and glorious
Where he lay:
The earth uproarious
Rose to play
Around him. Flowers
Unpetaled their
Crimson hours
Before him. Bare
Sunbeams lighted
The split-faced
Grass, as round-sighted
Insects traced
Their cravings
On leafy charts.
Grasshopper ravings
Pulsed like hearts;
Stopped; re-entered.
Like whirlpools, bird
Patterns centered
On him. He heard
All knife-bladed
Wings cut by.
Waters unsated
Grabbed for sky,
Then whitely shattered.

The Last Phoenix

Carlisle Van Horne '61

The mythic beasts are departing, all:
Unicorn, perjuring past desires
Shatters his horn on the garden wall.

The panoplied phoenix, scorning pyre's
Scorch, resurrection's accustomed sting,
Strains to prevent the renascent fires.

No gilded feather of phoenix wing,
Risen from molting metaphor,
Shall tickle torpid imagining.

Now wary, the wonder feels once more
Sibilant surging of old intent,
And baffles flame at the weary core.

The phoenix shudders, the light is spent,
And antique ash proves inconsequent.

The End

by Susan Kelsey '62

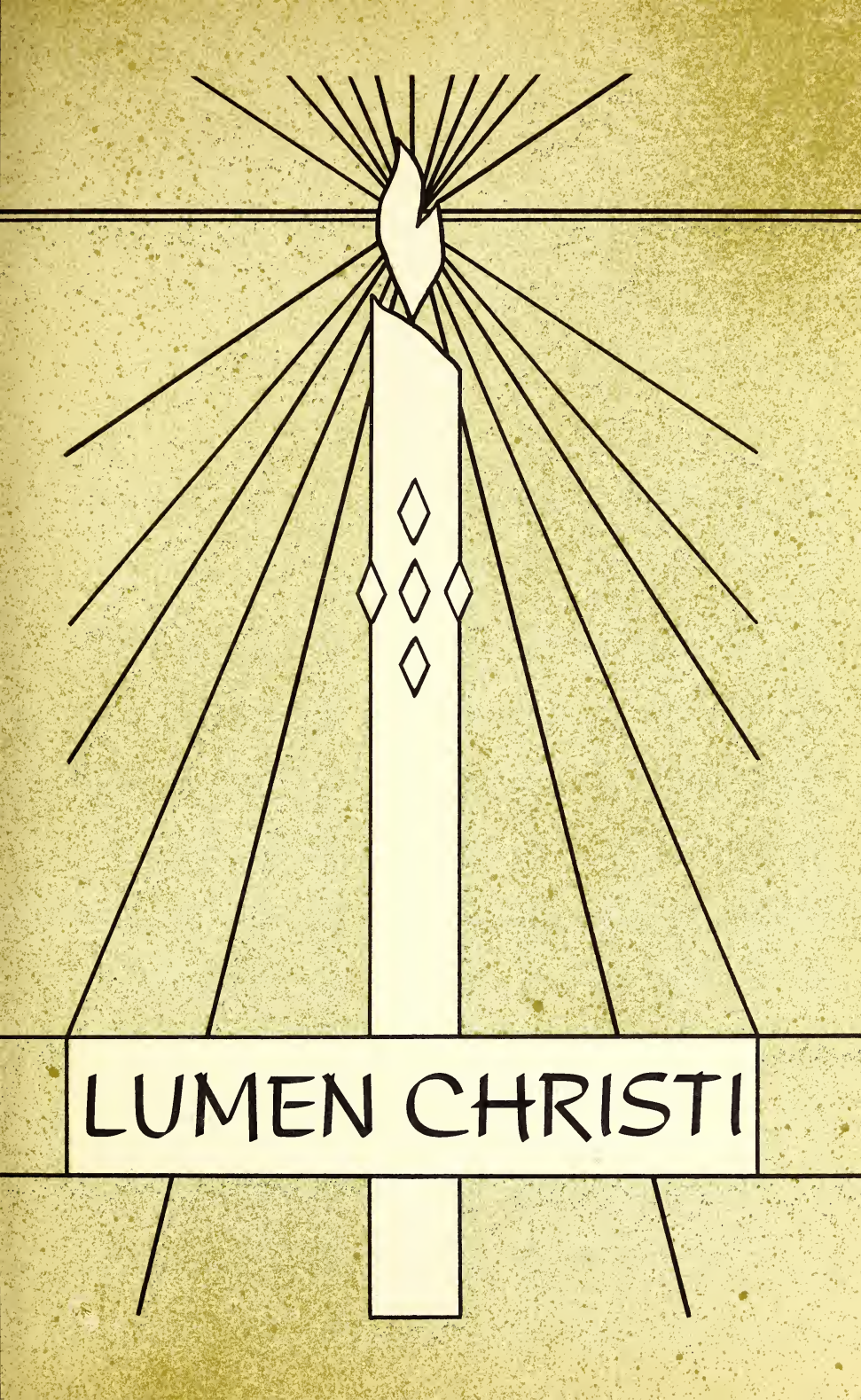
Softly,
I closed the door
knowing too well that he
wouldn't come again that year, or
ever.

CONTRIBUTORS

Barbara Sullivan '59, English major, had two poems in the last issue of Westwords. Elsie Szandy '59, English, is doing practice teaching for her elementary credential. Carlisle Van Horne '61 appeared in Westwords before. Joan Chappell '62, Freshman vice-president, is a nursing major; Roberta Hochman '62, is in English; Martha Stoering '62, plans to major in French. Pat Crampton, Susan Kelsey, Marie Treacy, all freshmen, all English majors.

Judy Weber '60 is View editor; Ann de Vaney '59, appears for the second time in Westwords with an essay which won honors last spring from Atlantic. Patricia Fitzgerald '58 is at the House of Studies learning to be a Sister of St. Joseph. Jeannette Binder '62 is in nursing, Martha McCarthy '62, in English.

Judy Scherb is Junior Class president, English and education; Peggy Beauclair '62 is French and music, while Nelle Wormsted '62 will be an English major. Linda Frye '62 is a young English major and Claudette Drennan '56 is an older one, now studying at Marquette. Anne Louise Dunham '62 is home economics and music; Jean Robbie '59 is a methematics major, English minor, and member of the science club. Sue Donovan '62 will probably major in English.


LUMEN CHRISTI